

The Home-Corner



GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are home girls. Girls that are mother's right hand. That the father and brothers can trust in. And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone. And pleasant when nobody sees. Kind and sweet to their own folk. Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls. That know what to do and to say. That drive with a smile and a soft word. The cure of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls. Good girls from the heart to the lips. Pure as the lily in white and pure. From its heart to its sweet leaf tips. —Unidentified

THE HOMELY GIRL.

"Grandmother, you must have been very pretty when you were a girl."

"Indeed, I was not at all pretty. Now, I do not know as any one ever called me even nice looking. What made you say that, dear?"

"Because everybody loved you so. Uncles say that you had just lots of beaux and that everybody was your friend. I would give anything if I was pretty."

"But, Virginia, you do not have to be pretty to have friends. Think of the plain girls of your acquaintance who have many beaux and friends."

"But I haven't, grandmother. Sometimes I feel that nobody loves me. There are so many nice things that I have not. All my girl acquaintances know how to do something nice, and I do not know how to do a single thing well. The ability to learn was just not born in me. Beauty, and ability,—well, I wish you would just listen to all of my shortcomings. Don't say a word, now, till I get through, please."

"Well, dear, I'll let you say everything bad that you want to about yourself this one time, and then I shall tell you what I think about you. Remember that I have seen more of the world than you have and am old enough to know about such things. Go ahead, now, and tell me all about it."

"Well, the main thing, I think, is that I am not pretty; my mirror does not show me one feature that could be called pretty. You know I got the most votes in 'Statistics' at school for having the longest nose, and it does look a great deal like a pear. My complexion is exceedingly red, and the school girls always called me 'Pinkie.' My hair is hay-colored and short, and there is not a single kink about it. My mouth is twice too big, I've a lot of wrinkles on my forehead, and,—well, you see for yourself, and know that nobody could think that I was anything but a bad looking girl. 'Plain' does not describe me."

"That much for that. Now, you said something about plain girls being popular. That is because they can do something useful and entertaining. I can't do either. I can't play any musical instrument, I can't talk entertainingly, I can't make pretty things with my needle, I can't play all of the popular games, and, when it comes to singing, I can't even carry a tune. I do not blame people for not liking me, for I am perfectly worthless. You see how it is, grandmother; I have none of the nice qualities that make a girl popular. You can not find a thing admirable about me, now, can you?"

"Well, Virginia, I admit that I am afraid you have not the quality that will make you popular. But you are wrong about all those things you have mentioned being the cause of your unpopularity. You may not be a beauty, but it does not take beauty of face to make you popular. It is beauty of soul, my dear. If you forget yourself and try to do things for others to make them happy, you will forget that you are not pretty, and nobody else will think of it, for they will be thinking how sweet and helpful you are. Did you ever think of that? Try it, and see if it does not work. That is the way I made most of my friends. A pretty face does not count for much in this world, and you will not have to get very old to learn it."

"Then you say you cannot sing and play, and entertain socially. What do these really count for when you can do things just as helpful to others? Think of the busy careworn mothers in town; think of the girls who have not had the chance you have had to study. You can do very much to help these. When you said that you could do nothing well, you forget that you can cook, darn and sew neatly, and I know that there is not a child in the neighborhood but would go to sleep in your arms if you would take time to cuddle him."

"Such things as these really make the true woman. To be happy you must forget your shortcomings and use the powers you have to make others happy. But you must have a deep, abiding faith in the Father to be able to do this. You can get the unselfish spirit from no one but Christ; He is love, you know, and

love is never selfish. This is my secret of happiness."

"I see from your thoughtful expression that you understand me, and I shall not let you say another word about yourself, but am going to send you over to help Mrs. Davis with that mending she was dreading so much this morning. Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, grandmother, for saying all of these things. I think I understand what you mean, and why you are always so happy, and I am going to try to make others happy after this. Help me to always remember, won't you, please?"—Exchange.

MAN'S MEASURE.

The measure of a man is not his waistband, but his hatband.

The question to-day is not how you got here, but what you're good for, now you are here. When I hear a young fellow bragging about what his grandfather did, I always wonder what the old man would say if he could see what the young fellow isn't doing. I'd rather have a large apple on a small tree than a small apple on a large tree, and about the time I begin hearing a man refer to the largeness of? ? ? ?

Learn your limitations, and trust your convictions. You may grind a fool in a mortar, and you'll never get anything but a fool's dust. There's no help for any one till the bag of self-conceit has been pricked and the hot air let out. Most men and women have no convictions. They have prejudices, notions, opinions. I once asked a man what he thought about the divinity of Christ. He said: "Ask my preacher. We pay him \$5,000 a year to settle such questions for us." It was worth it, too! When the man without convictions lives in the country he hangs about the post-office because nature abhors a vacuum and when he's alone there's nobody round. If he lives in the city he joins a club. Some people sit and think. Others sit. He goes to the club and sits—with a lot of other men. They imagine because they're nice and warm that something's going on.

My doctor gave me a sweat the other day for \$20. My grandmother would have sweat the whole neighborhood for twenty-five cents. She had convictions on the subject of sweating. I haven't. And when you don't have convictions of your own, you have to pay for other people's.

We're getting a little over civilized, and that breeds stupidity. In the town where my father was born, the soil's so thin they raise potatoes in slices ready for frying, and the sheep's noses are like tooth-picks. People had to get up early and work late. But my father never knew what it was to be tired till he was over fifty. The boy born into a modern, steam-heated house is born tired and he's tired all the time. He has growing pains, so he must have his breakfast in bed. Well, the boys of an earlier generation had growing pains, and they got rid of them by getting up at four in the morning to milk the cow. The father who came from country to city and won a fortune was square-shouldered. The son is sloping-shouldered. When the burden of business and wealth rolls from the father's square shoulders to the son's sloping shoulders—it keeps on rolling. And then some other country boy comes along and picks it up.

Civilization is splendid when it's a pedestal for a man to stand on and look about him at the world. But when it becomes a burden that bows him over till he can see only the ground between his feet, he'd better drop it and straighten up. When things master us we're becoming over-civilized. I'd rather have a bare house with no carpets on than to have buffalo rugs on the brain all during vacation. Blessed be nothing. You don't have to insure it. Nobody steals it.

Be good to your body. You may have the ambition of an arch-angel, but if you waste your physical resources in riotous living, you're no better than a slave.—Dr. O. P. Gifford, in the Watchman.

HER MOTTO.

Helen and I had been on a room hunt. Only those who have been through this worry in a strange city can appreciate its significance. We were hot and tired and cantankerous when we made our tenth call.

"This will be another dingy, objectionable room," I feel it in my bones," announced Helen as we waited for an answer to our ring.

WONDERFUL SKIN SALVE.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve is known everywhere as the best remedy made for all diseases of the skin, and also for burns, bruises and boils. Reduces inflammation and is soothing and healing. J. T. Sossaman, publisher of News of Cornelius, N. C., writes that one box helped his serious skin ailment after other remedies failed. Only 25 cents. Recommended by all druggists.

"It is near the conservatory," I observed, "and the steps are clean."

The landlady answered the bell and we both liked her neat, trim appearance. We liked the big old-fashioned room with a grate, and the plain substantial furniture.

"There is one cozy corner, and if we had another—"

"Look at this," interrupted Helen. It was a brown-framed motto near the dresser, just where the eye could not help falling on it. Helen read it aloud: "What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

"Miss Moore left that," said the landlady; "she had this room for four years and went away to get married. That was her working motto. You wouldn't believe what a help that girl was to me and to lots of other folks. Not that she went about looking for big things to do, or that she belonged to societies or anything of that kind. She just did the little things at hand and found heaps of ways to make life less difficult for others right here in the house. She used to ask the hall bedroom girl in for many a pleasant hour, and lent books and magazines to those who loved to read; she was handy with her needle and had a real knack for fixing up her clothes, many a 'high' Saturday afternoon she and the two music-students in the next room made over blouses and jabots. She must have had that motto spirit for her office work, and home folk, too, there was always a great time when she went off for her holidays. My, but we hated to see her leave us! She married a fine man and they're bound to be happy because she'll keep on practicing from that motto. She took the old one with her, but she bought this one for the next occupant and hung it there."

"Oh!" cried Helen, "doesn't it seem like a hand stretched out to welcome us?"

"What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"—George Eliot.—Young People.

DICKY DON'T.

"I'm going to climb a mountain, mamma. See me climb!"

Mrs. Wells glanced up from her sewing, and saw Master Dick, who had just come in from chasing the hens, standing on the seat of a chair with one foot raised.

"Stop, stop! Dicky, don't! You'll

surely fall—the chair will tip over!"

Dickey got into trouble so often, and had to be scolded so many times a day, that he was nicknamed "Dicky Don't." But he was such a good-hearted little fellow, with his soft black hair and big brown eyes, that nobody could be angry with him.

One day he was playing in the yard, when he saw the hired man come out of the barn with a queer, staggering step. The man's face was very red, his pipe between his lips was up-side down, and he spoke crossly to Dickey as he passed.

Five minutes later Dick saw smoke coming out of the window over the big barn door. He ran into the barn and looked up. Smoke was pouring from the hay, and a red tongue of flame shot up through it. What should he do? Papa was away at his work, mamma and a grown-up sister were calling on a sick neighbor, the hired man was gone—Dickey was alone.

One minute he stood still. Then he ran into the nearest stall, untied old Dobbin's halter, and managed to make him back out. A smart pat on the flank sent the horse through the door. The two cows were harder to move, but he did it somehow, though the smoke was growing thick and hot. He lost his way, and had begun to choke and cry, when he was caught up in a pair of strong arms and carried into the sweet open air by a man who had been driving by.

The barn was burned to the ground, but the animals were all saved. After that, the little boy's name was changed to "Dicky Do!"—Sunshine.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free of trial, with references from your own family if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money. In testimonials of this offer, write today to Dr. J. C. Chambers, Box 1, 2025 Duane, Ind.

Beverly Poultry Yards

KITTRELL, N. C.

S. C. White Orpingtons.
S. C. White Leghorns.

4 Prizes State Fair 1912

Eggs for hatching \$1.50 to \$5.00 per 15. Cockerels \$2.50 to \$10.00. Trios \$7.50 to \$25. Write for folder.

Valuable Land for Sale

Ninety-six acres in Wake County, N. C., two miles west of Cary. Apply to

W. J. PEELE, Commissioner,
Raleigh, N. C.

POPULAR FICTION

You will find at our Store all the new and popular books of fiction.

Come to our Store and make your selections. However, if you cannot come to Raleigh, write us for a Catalog of the BOOKS and PRICES.

You will also find a nice line of Bibles at our store, which we are selling popular prices.

Baptist Book Store Co.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Indigestion

causes heartburn, sour stomach, nervousness, nausea, impure blood, and more trouble than many different kinds of diseases. The food you eat ferments in your stomach, and the poisons it forms are absorbed into your whole system, causing many distressing symptoms. At the first sign of indigestion, try

Thedford's Black-Draught

the old, reliable, vegetable liver powder, to quickly cleanse your system from these undesirable poisons.

Mrs. Riley Laramore, of Goodwater, Mo., says: "I suffered for years from dyspepsia and heartburn. Thedford's Black-Draught, in small doses, cured my heartburn in a few days, and now I can eat without distress." Try it.

Insist on Thedford's

"Distinctively Individual"

MEN'S WEAR

We carry the lines of Men's Wear that have "made good," not those that are trying to make good.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

Manhattan Shirts, Schloss Bros. Clothes, Dunlap Hats, Edwin Clapp Shoes, Dr. Deimel Linen Mesh Underwear.

CROSS & LINEHAN CO.

The Better Clothes Shop



Profitable Side Dressing

The use of side dressing is increasing on COTTON and CORN. It pays to do it, if one uses the right goods. Two applications of 200 lbs. each per acre are recommended by a well-known Southern investigator and experimenter. He suggests a 5-5-5 formula, or a mixture of equal parts of Acid Phosphate, Kainit and Nitrate of Soda. Side dress cotton when the plants are 10 inches high and again when the bloom begins to open. Where cotton is inclined to rust, use

KAINIT

making two applications of 200 pounds each per acre. This is also effective against root lice and cut worms on corn, if applied early enough. It will pay you to try it, for Potash Pays.

Order Kainit now before the supply is exhausted. We sell Kainit and Potash Salts, any quantity from one 200-lb. bag up.

GERMAN KALI WORKS

Whitney Central Bank Building
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Savannah Bank & Trust Building
SAVANNAH, GA.

THE WONDER OF THE PIANOLA PIANO

With its latest development the Themodist taken in its entirety, the instrument itself; its immediate adaptation either to accomplished musicians, or those who cannot read a note.

The absolute unlimited world of musical composition to which it opens the door.

The distinctively exclusive features that now and must forever differentiate from all attempted imitations.

The unanimity with which it has been eulogized by the foremost pianists of the age; its uncomparable popularity with the general public, and especially in the home; its unparalleled sale both in this country and Europe.

Taken as we have said in its entirety, the whole history of music and musical instruments in all times and all countries contain nothing half so wonderful as the PIANOLA PLAYER PIANO, two instruments in one—Hand-playing or Pianola-playing at will.

Write us for full particulars,

Darnell & Thomas

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES FOR RALEIGH AND VICINITY

Removal!

Hart-Ward Hardware Co.

We have Moved our store to new building 125 East Martain Street. We have 10,000 square feet of show rooms with Electric Elevator, every floor on the ground floor.

Right in the heart of the business center of Raleigh we will be pleased to see all friends customers, and the public generally.

Our stock is complete and our prices the lowest.

HART-WARD HARDWARE CO.

Wholesale and Retail. 125 E. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C.

EVERY BODY'S DOING Parcel Post Shopping

It's Safe, Sure and Quick

Give Us an Order, We'll Prove It
All orders filled same day received

All Orders Delivered Free When Accompanied by Cash

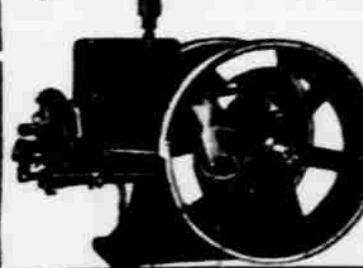
We Guarantee Satisfaction

HUNTER-RAND CO.

RALEIGH, N. C.

There's a BULL DOG Gasoline Engine

For Every Farm Need—1½ to 12 H. P.



—one for your Threshing Machine and Saw Mill, others adapted to Pumping, Sewing, Running Separators, Churns, etc. The Bull Dog is a strong, compact engine which you can absolutely rely upon for long, hard service.

Write today for complete, descriptive catalog, showing designs and sizes for every purpose.

THE FAIRBANKS CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

The Fairbanks Company never made a poor article. Manufacturers of Fairbanks scales—Standard for 80 years.